

And we shall make full satisfaction.

Thirtie three yeares haue I but gone in trauaile
Of you my sonnes, and till this present houre
My heauie burthen are deliuered:

The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Natiuitie,
Go to a Gossips feast, and go with mee,
After so long greefe such Natiuitie.

Duke. With all my heart, Ile Gossip at this feast.

*Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and
two Brothers.*

S.Dro. Maist, shall I fetch your stufte from shipbord?

E. An. Dromio, what stufte of mine hast thou imbarkt?

S.Dro. Your goods that lay at host fir in the Centaur.

S. Ant. Helpeakes to me, I am your maister *Dromio.*

Come go with vs, wee'l looke to that anon,
Embrace thy brother there, reioyce with him.

S.Dro. There is a fat friend at your masters house,
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:

She now shall be my sister, not my wife,
E.D. Me thinks you are my glasse, & not my brother:

I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth,
Will you walke in to see their gossiping?

S.Dro. Not I sir, you are my elder.
E.Dro. That's a question, how shall we trie it.

S.Dro. Wee'l draw Cuts for the Signior, till then,
lead thou first.

E.Dro. Nay then thus:

We came into the world like brother and brother:

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

Exeunt.

FINIS.



Much adoe about Nothing.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Leonato Gouvernour of Messina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his Neece, with a messenger.

Leonato.

Learn in this Letter, that Don Peter of Arragon, comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very neere by this: he was not three Leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen haue you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victorie is twice it selfe, when the atchieuer brings home full numbers: I finde heere, that Don Peter hath bestowed much honor on a yong Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deseru'd on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro, he hath borne himselfe beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeede better betred expectation, then you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an Vnckle heere in Messina, will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I haue alreadie deliuered him letters, and there appeares much ioy in him, euen so much, that ioy could not shew it selfe modest enough, without a badg of bitterness.

Leo. Did he breake out into teares?

Mess. In great measure.

Leo. A kinde ouerflow of kindnesse, there are no faces truer, then those that are so wash'd, how much better is it to weepe at ioy, then to ioy at weeping?

Bea. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto return'd from the warres, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none such in the armie of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you aske for Neece?

Hero. My cousin meanes Signior Benedicke of Padua.

Mess. O he's return'd, and as pleasant as euer he was.

Bea. He set vp his bills here in Messina, & challeng'd Cupid at the Flight: and my Vnckles foole reading the Challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the Burbole. I pray you, how many hath hee kil'd and eaten in these warres? But how many hath hee kil'd? for indeed, I promis'd to cate all of his killing.

Leon. Faith Neece, you taxe Signior Benedicke too much, but hee'l be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good seruice Lady in these wars.

Bea. You had musty victuall, and he hath holpe to ease it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an excellent stomacke.

Mess. And a good souldier too Lady.

Bea. And a good souldier to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord?

Mess. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, stufte with all honourable vertues.

Bea. It is so indeed, he is no lesse then a stufte man: but for the stuffing well, we are all mortall.

Leon. You must not (sir) mistake my Neece, there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedicke, & her: they neuer meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Bea. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, foure of his hue wits went halting off, and now is the whole man gouern'd with one: so that if hee haue wit enough to keepe himselfe warme, let him beare it for a difference betweene himselfe and his horse: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath euerie month a new sworne brother.

Mess. I'st possible?

Bea. Very easily possible: he weares his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it euer changes with y next block.

Mess. I see (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your bookes.

Bea. No, and he were, I would burne my study. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young Quarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the diuell?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Bea. O Lord, he will hang vpon him like a disease: he is sooner caught then the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God helpe the noble Claudio, if hee haue caught the Benedicke, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Bea. Do good friend.

Leo. You'l ne're run mad Neece.

Bea. No, not till a hot Ianuary.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Balisasar, and Iohn the bastard.

Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to auoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Neuer came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remaine: but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happinesse takes his leaue.